

GeorgeBernardShaw by Miles Mathis

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world.
The unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself.
Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man.

--GBS

First published November 2, 2021

That quote above is one of the few things I like about Shaw. As you know, I wouldn't be here if I wanted to promote him: famous people have already been promoted enough in my opinion, and most are over-promoted to astonishing degrees. So I don't see my job as adding to that. My job is to tear most of it down. Shaw, as a Modern, pretended to feel the same way about the world, calling for the dismantling of the old. But I am not a Modern. Shaw would not be cheering me on in my destruction of him and his cabal. My revolution and his are not the same. My revolution is a revolution against the success of his revolution. In some very limited ways, he was right about the old world. But on the whole he was disastrously wrong. It was his success, and the success of those like him, that brought the current demons down upon us. Funny they never lead with that photo of Shaw under title, right? I bet most of you have never seen it. He looks almost Russian, doesn't he? And here he is from the same period, doing his best Rasputin impression:

Jack Dorsey just needs a coat like that. A very interesting looking fellow, I have to admit, with very striking looks. But in cases like this, looks are never an accident. You don't get your looks from the Moon or from enzymes rolling dice. Shaw looks like that for a reason, and we are about to discover it. You have been taught that looks don't matter, and in some ways they don't. I am not suggesting a return to phrenology. But as a matter of tracking lineages, they are an important tool, since they are a visible marker of inheritance. And as a portrait painter with a very keen eye, I am in a unique position to use my skills in this way. No one has done what I am doing, which is reason enough to do more of it.

I also send you to this clip of his voice, which I find odd. You would expect him to speak English with an Irish accent, but I don't hear that. Nor did he try to match the English accent of those around him. To me it sounds like a bit of a German accent. It wasn't what I was expecting. Also notice what he is saying there. He calls Hitler a "very intelligent gentleman". That's also odd. Even odder is that he then adds that Hitler received 95% of the vote. So Shaw is just repeating lies here, we must assume on purpose. Hitler lost the Presidential election badly to Hindenburg in 1932, illegally running as a non-citizen like Obama, and then Hindenburg appointed him Chancellor in 1933. So he was not elected at all. Hindenburg soon died and Hitler abolished the position of President and all other political parties. Eventually Hitler created a vote, but this was a vote like the ones for Napoleon, where a vote was reported without actually having one. How do you have a vote with only one political party and one candidate? And yet people like Shaw and Gloria Steinem and the ADL goons keep repeating this lie, to make you think Hitler was popular. It should tell you who they really are.

Shaw was an old man by 1935 and should have had some sense, but instead we find this:

Shaw's admiration for Mussolini and Stalin demonstrated his growing belief that dictatorship was the only viable political arrangement. When the Nazi Party came to power in Germany in January 1933, Shaw described Hitler as "a very remarkable man, a very able man",[176] and professed himself proud to be the only writer in England who was "scrupulously polite and just to Hitler". [177] [n 22] His principal admiration was for Stalin, whose regime he championed uncritically throughout the decade.[175]

That is the normal arc of the agent, who can't hold his old fake "liberal" pose as he gets older. He reverts to his true opinions, outing himself in spectacular fashion. We have seen it a hundred times, see my paper on Ramparts magazine for many examples. Noam Chomsky held his pose far better than most, maintaining it for the most part until his 80s, but even he is now disintegrating into naked fascism. Given his recent pronouncements on the vaccine, he might as well be an advisor to Pfizer.

The mainstream has tried to sell you this move from liberal to conservative as a natural function of age: idealism fades and the callow youth comes to discern reality. I am showing you the opposite: that transition among the famous was never a natural progression, least of all due to wisdom. The famous liberals and Socialists were all cloaked fascists from the start, and their cloaks simply rotted away with age.

As an American, I didn't have Shaw pushed on me in school, so I didn't come to him until later. When I did pick him up, I wasn't too impressed. I went through a period where I read everything on Joan of Arc I could find, in preparation for artworks of her I was working on. So I read Shaw's Saint Joan. It was about the least interesting thing I found on her. It was far too modern and wasn't well written or imagined. The first page of the play is about eggs and cowboys. I really don't think there were any cowboys in the time of Joan. It reminded me of the Sherlock Holmes modernizations with Robert Downey or Benedict Cumberbatch. I kept expecting a kung fu fight scene. Twain's book on her from about 30 years earlier was far more compelling.

Some time later I discovered GBS connected to the Fabians, which also didn't do much for my opinion of him. That led me to read Man and Superman, which was likewise underwhelming. Though highly touted, the play is usually taken for something which it is not, and this is admitted even at places like Wikipedia. Shaw intended it to be very deep, to compete with Nietzsche or Goethe no less, but it is almost always performed with the long third act lopped, and staged as a light comedy. Very embarrassing for Shaw, or should be. Can you cut Faust or Hamlet and play it as a light comedy? Nietzsche would also be appalled, of course, since Shaw makes the woman the centerpiece of his new philosophy. She is the Dona Juana here, and through her Shaw makes all the men appear very foolish. No accident, you can be sure, especially if you remind yourself what the Fabians were up to. It should have been titled Woman and Unterman.

You will say I have also defended and elevated woman, as in my Shelley Altarpiece. Yes, but not in this way. I have never demoted man to elevate woman. I criticize Shelley there, but as himself, not as a representative of all men. I don't think Shelley represented all men, any more than Shaw did. Come to think of it, Shelley and Shaw represent the same sort of man, in a way, but that is another paper. Returning to Man and Superman, you have to remind yourself who was writing this: a man who—

according to his mainstream bio—was too shy to approach a woman and was a virgin at least until age

29. Even that may give him too much credit. GBS now looks either gay or frigid, which makes everything said in Man and Superman more than a little ridiculous. Yes, some of it is clever in a secondhand sort of way, but even his lead character Ann admits that men make more mistakes by being too clever than by being too good. You have to keep reminding yourself that Shaw was the Octavius character here (the weak artist), so his putting words in Tanner's mouth are impossible. The play can then be read as Octavius getting even with Tanner. But no one ever reads it that way. Nietzsche would.

Shaw was a Socialist of course, and Man and Superman pushes it. Can you imagine Nietzsche promoting Socialism? He was 180 degrees from Socialism and made that abundantly clear. And yet Shaw never addresses Nietzsche or the opposing argument from Socialism, actually implying when he drops Nietzsche's name he is a progressive like Nietzsche. What could be more spiderish, according to Nietzsche? What could be more priestly? Both Shaw and Nietzsche want to get rid of the priests, but for different reasons. Nietzsche wants to be free of their cant; Shaw wants to take their place.

If you don't believe me, go reread the third act, as I just did. The most tiresome thing imaginable, with everything turned on its head for effect, to no effect. At least the spiders before Nietzsche—think Voltaire for instance—had the decency not to just prattle in our ears about nothing, trying to confuse us with a lot of decapitated moralities thrown into the air like 52-card-pickup. The ancient priests took their assignments seriously, bashing our heads and hearts with advanced rhetoric and pettifoggery of the finest scent and flavor. Compared to that, Shaw tastes like Spam left out in the sun too long. Was anyone ever entertained by this?

Act I admittedly had a couple of droll moments for men in the audience, but Act III shows Shaw simply can't do serious. Shaw trying to compete with Goethe or Marlowe may be the greatest miscalculation in the history of art.

It is also ironic when one reads this at Wiki in his bio:

He campaigned against the artificial conventions and hypocrisies of the Victorian theatre and called for plays of real ideas and true characters.

No matter what else it is, Man and Superman is preachy and artificial in the extreme. For a play, it has an inordinate amount of inter-dialog narrative and explication, which is often so leading it can only be propaganda. Shaw has none of the naturalness and readability of Ibsen or Chekhov, with whom you would have expected him to be competing as a modern.

That's Ibsen, who was also Phoenician Navy. His father was a big shipowner and his mother was an Altenburg, linking us back to the Saxons and forward to all the royal houses of Europe. It also links us to the Julich-Bergs (Anna of Cleves) I mentioned in my last paper. But I am not here to bury Ibsen, only to post that portrait of him by Olrik, which I consider a stunner. And to prove I don't hate everything. And to prove that looks don't matter. It isn't a portrait of a pretty blonde, but I still love it.

As for Shaw's bio, we get the usual claims of poverty and middleclass upbringing—though they admit he came out of an affluent neighborhood in Dublin and that his father was a corn merchant. What they don't admit is that he is from the usual peerage lines. All we have to do is consult Geni, where we find his maternal grandmother was related to Hamiltons. They scrub Squire John Hamilton Whitcroft to break that link, but there also seems to be a link to the name Armstrong through his wife. Whitcroft is listed as “Landowner, cotton manufacturer, pawnbroker”. Just what we expected to find. That sends us to the peerage, which does indeed list GBS.

You will say that is due to his wife the Townshend, but it isn't. If that were the case, they would list only his parents, at best. Instead we find his Shaws going back many generations, to the 1500s. In fact, Shaw admitted it, and more. When questioned whether his Shaws went back to Kilkenny in the 1500s, he stated that his lines were much older and more important, going back to William the Conqueror. And at thepeerage.com we get an answer to the Whitcroft mystery, since we find that Geni fudged that. It should be Whitmore. This links us to Maj. Gen. Edward Whitmore, b. 1691 d. 1761 in Plymouth, MA. He was military governor of Cape Breton and the island of St. John. Wiki tells us he may have been the son of Arthur Whitmore of York, but that looks like another fudge. Given his dates and that he was from the Herefordshire regiment, he was

probably related to the baronets of Shropshire, who soon married the Douglasses, Marquesses of Queensbury, in 1833. This also linked them to the Scotts, Dukes of Buccleuch, and the Montagus, Dukes of Montagu. Who do indeed take us back in direct lines to William the Conqueror and before. You can see why the historians would scrub that regarding GBS, since it blows his whole sob story of coming from nowhere.

In the 1700s these Shaws also link us to the Ponsonbys, a prominent peerage name, but that is also scrubbed regarding GBS. The Ponsonbys of Ireland in those years were the Earls of Bessborough, closely related to the Cavendishes, Dukes of Devonshire. The 3rd Earl married the daughter of the Earl Spencer in 1780. His son married Mary Fane, daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland. And his son did even better, marrying Caroline Gordon-Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond. This also linked him immediately to the Pagets, Marquesses of Anglesey, the Campbells, Dukes of Argyll, and the Villiers, Earls of Jersey.

Thepeerage also tries to scrub the Briscoes of the same period, but we are able to pick them up back at Geni, where we find they are Lords of Crofton, from Cumberland.

They link us to the Musgraves and Barons Dacre. Through the Briscoes of Ireland, Shaw was also related to the Forsters, Percevals, and Maxwells.

So why do I hate Shaw so much? Because I can see the Fabian Society for what it was: another offshoot of the Theosophy Project, which I have hit elsewhere. They pretty much admit that. The Fabian Society was a splinter off the Fellowship of

the New Life, founded by Scotsman Thomas Davidson. Davidson was like their Henry Steel Olcott across the pond: a cloaked agent and fascist posing as an intellectual and progressive. In fact, Davidson was in the US by 1867, landing first in Boston. Always a red flag. That is precisely the time Olcott was working his magic. Davidson spent a couple of years in St. Louis in the late 1860s, but was back in Cambridge (Boston) in 1875, just in time for the kick-off of Theosophy.

He not only founded New Life, he also later founded the Educational Alliance in New York City in 1889, which in partnership with the Hebrew Institute was used as a settlement house for European Jews. You will say that sounds great, except it wasn't. We have seen that these Jews were being imported to promote Socialism. See my paper on Eugene Debs, where we saw a new set of Jewish intellectuals shipped in from Europe every few years to create another round of fake Socialist fronts. Like the rest of Marxism from the beginning, these makeshift groups were pegged together to draw off funds and manpower from Republican groups and real unions. They were sowers of dissension. They were infiltrators.

In 1903 Mark Twain joined the Board of Advisors for this Educational Alliance, yet another black mark on his record and clue to his real connections. See my expose on him for more.

In the 1870s Davidson traveled in Greece and Italy, supposedly studying scholastic philosophy and the Catholic Church. There, he had all the highest contacts, including Cardinal Hohenlohe and the Jewish Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein. See my paper on Ludwig Wittgenstein. He also had a villa in Capri, and we may assume he was there for the usual reasons. As for his "philosophy":

Davidson argued that Aristotle's Nous identified God with rational thought, and that God could not exist apart from the world just as the Aristotlean soul could not exist apart from the body. Thus Davidson grounded an immanent Emersonian World Soul in a sophisticated Aristotelian metaphysics. Substitute "bastardized and inverted" for "sophisticated" and you pretty much have it. As with the rest of these people, his job was to pollute beyond recognition everything he touched, turning it to dross, and that goes for Emerson as much as Aristotle. Like Theosophy, the goal of Davidson's Apeirotheism was to flip the Transcendentalism of Emerson and Thoreau, sucking everything good out of it and leaving only a brittle corpse. They also nodded to Tolstoy, but I have to think he too would have been disgusted had he known what they were doing in his name.

We also see this with Fabianism, which got its shallow and corrupted philosophy straight from Davidson and the dungeons of Intelligence.

The Fabian Society's basis was to promote the transfer of land and capital to the State, equality of citizenship of men and women, and having public authority instead of private for the education and support of children.

That may have sounded noble to some naive persons at the time, but we now see what it really meant: transferring all your capital to the bankers, outlawing the idea

and very words of gender, and allowing the bankers to educate your children in their own image. It is right from today's headlines, as the Governors tell parents they have no say in what is taught to their children, and that if they complain they will be tagged as terrorists and stalked by the FBI and Justice Department. Parents pushing back against schoolboards that have been infiltrated and packed by agents of Pfizer and Bill Gates are being violently arrested. So that is what Shaw's "public authority" has become in practice, right in front of your eyes. You think the Fabians would have learned that after the failures of Communism in Russia and China back in the 1920s, 30s and 40s, with tyrants taking over and crushing their own populations. You would think the world would have learned about the Fabians at least. But no. They are still at it, and most people don't even know it.

So that's why I hate Shaw and the rest of these cloaked agents. Shaw has much in common with his cousin Bertrand Russell, who was cloaked in the same way and pushed the same projects at the same time. We looked at him in that paper linked above on Wittgenstein, where I outed them both at the same time.

While I am here I should expose the other first Fabians Sidney Webb and Beatrice Webb. Beatrice was born Martha Beatrice Potter, also a Heyworth, also from great wealth. The house she was born in, Standish House, was so large it is now a hospital. The Potter in *It's a Wonderful Life* was patterned on these people, since Beatrice's father was Chairman of the Great Western Railway. These Potters hit the big time in the peerage when they joined up with the millionaire Palmers of York in 1808. They also linked up with the Kennedys at the same time. A bit later they also married the Stuarts. The Heyworths were also wealthy merchants, descended recently from the Spencer-Churchills through the Marjoribanks. Sidney Webb is one of the most scrubbed persons I have run across, and if you are a reader of mine you may already know why: he was related to the current Queen, who is a Webb in her Cavendish line. Wikipedia tells us nothing of his parents, which is strange for a recent Baron and founder of the London School of Economics.

Yes, the Fabians founded the LSE, which is reason enough to hate it, them, and anyone linked to it, including the Rolling Stones.

Thepeerage.com lists Webb's father as Charles then scrubs that line. His mother's line is given as Stacey then scrubbed. Fortunately MyHeritage.com has a page on him, where we find a bit more. Charles was born in 1829 in Petham, Kent, and his mother Mary Elizabeth Stacey was born in 1825 in Essex. The Staceys in the peerage are related to the Stuarts and Barclays, see Mary Kingscote who married John Barclay Stacey in 1895. His mother was a Stuart, a Grant, and a Renselaer. They link us to London, Gloucestershire, and Canada as well as San Diego. Also to New York and Pennsylvania, where they are indeed the van Rensselaers of New York. Strangely, thepeerage scrubs these Stuarts of Paxton, PA, but other sites take them back to Tyrone, Scotland, where they were the barons of Castle Stuart, linking us also to the Kennedys, Maxwells, Campbells, Lennox, as well as to the Kings of Scotland and England.

Although I showed in a previous paper that Queen Elizabeth's other great-grandmother Smith was East India Company, I wasn't able to find anything about Frances Webb at that time. Then I thought to search "Webb East India Company" and today found the same explanation there. Frances' father John was probably the John

Webb, captain of that ship. Continuing that search takes us here, where we find a portrait of Charles Webb le Bas, Principal of the East India College, whose mother was the Webb. Her father was "Captain Webb of the East India Company's mercantile marine". Le Bas married a Hodgson of the Bow brewery. This indicates that these Webbs in the Queen's line are indeed the Webb baronets, who are also a mystery for the same reason. Thepeerage.com list the 3rd baronet, but fails to list the first two, which is exceedingly strange since they aren't unknown. Geni lists them, but their women are all again scrubbed. They come from the Webbs, knights of Stratford-upon-Avon, where they link us to Abigail Shakespeare (Will's grandmother), and the Ardens. So Shakespeare was a Webb. Didn't know that.

That was instructive, so let's take those Webb baronets forward instead of back. The 3rd married the daughter of the Baron Belasyse, linking them to the Marquesses Paulet of Winchester. They link us to major action, including the Bourkes, Walsinghams, Howards, Talbots, Staffords, and Forsters. We saw that Shaw was also a Forster, telling us Shaw and Webb were cousins. The usual.

The 6th Baronet Webb married a Somerville, linking us to the Warburtons. Big bankers, as you know. These baronets allegedly ended in 1874 with the 7th, but as you see Sidney Webb was likely of that line. At Wikipedia, his bio is a blank up until 1892, when, at age 32, he married Potter. With her money and the money of an anonymous bequest he founded LSE three years later. Talk about coming out of nowhere! He allegedly held a clerical job up until then. Right. Then we jump ahead another 18 years to 1913, when they started The New Statesman with Shaw. It is still around and claims to be liberal and progressive. As you just saw, it isn't and never was, having been a fascist front from the beginning, run by cloaked peers. It is the usual attempt to control the opposition, turning all leftist politics to crud by subverting it and inverting it. As did its American counterpart, see Walter Lippmann and The New Republic, founded in 1914 and also claiming to be progressive. Win McCormack recently bought The New Republic, and they claim it is returning to its progressive roots. Which it isn't. Like The Atlantic, The Nation, and all the rest, it is simply more in the pocket of Intel than ever. None of those rags was ever progressive, but they at least used to be fair at pretending they were. They don't even pretend anymore, and The New Republic hasn't gotten its schtick better since 2016. They have become transparent, and not only to me. Like CNN, their readerships have plummeted, and it is because they have completely lost their touch, and lost touch with their old created reality. They seem to think their naked tyranny is still cloaked, but only they can see the cloaks.

I purpled the name McCormack for a reason. It is also Phoenician Navy. See my paper on Tiger Woods for more on the McCormicks/McCormacks. The top ones are all spooks, and Win is a very obvious one, co-founding the misnamed Liberty Hill Foundation with the billionaire Pillsburys, Anne Mendel, and Larry Janss. And have you figured out Win's real name yet. It isn't hard. . . Winston. And what do those purple names have in common? All Jewish. The Pillsburys are currently being boycotted for doing business in illegal Israeli settlements. But we will not get into that. Just be advised. There are prominent Pillsbury rabbis online.

The Webbs were also involved in the Labour Party from the beginning, making sure it

never did anything for Labour. The Labour Party has been a secret enemy of Labour from the very start, since it was started by these same cloaked fascists, intent on infiltrating and detoothing Labour from the inside. Which they did. See my paper on Eugene Debs for much more on that subject. What was done in the US was also done in the UK in the same years by the same people, often under the same titles and using the same stamps and seals. Labor was infiltrated and obliterated, both through the unions and through the political parties. The main difference being that here we didn't have a special party (at that time) called Labor. Our fascists didn't even want to give Labor a foot in the door or a nod. It would have been too dangerous. So here Labor was assigned by Intelligence to the Communist Party, where it could be marginalized overtly.

In 1922 Webb became an MP for Seaham. That constituency had been created out of thin air just four years earlier, probably so Webb could stand for it and Labour could take it over. Ramsay MacDonald took it over in 1924 and rose to Prime Minister from that created constituency, which is highly suspicious. Of course Webb was also involved with Palestine, confirming my reading of him. In 1929 he was appointed by MacDonald as Secretary of State for the Colonies, where he revised the government policy on Palestine. . . in favor of the Hebrews, of course. You will say that Webb's white paper was anti-Zionist and had to be reversed by MacDonald's "black paper", but you don't think that was planned? Do you really think Webb was anti-Zionist or anti-Israel? He was East India Company, LSE, and Phoenician himself, so how could he be anti-Israel? At any rate, they admit that the result of Webb's white paper was just as I said: confirmation of the Balfour Declaration and increased immigration to Israel. So Webb was obviously just playing the bad cop. How can you tell? Well, if his white paper had really gone against MacDonald's wishes or caused real harm in foreign policy, Webb would have been asked to step down. He wasn't. He stayed on Colonial Secretary for Labour until its fall in 1931.

We finish with the Webbs on this note:

The Webbs ignored mounting evidence of atrocities being committed by Joseph Stalin and remained supporters of the Soviet Union until their deaths. Having reached their seventies and early eighties, their books *Soviet Communism: A New Civilisation?* (1935) and *The Truth About Soviet Russia* (1942) still gave a positive assessment of Stalin's regime. The Trotskyist historian Al Richardson later dubbed *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?* "pure Soviet propaganda at its most mendacious".

And you don't think these people were agents? But what were they up to, continuing to push Stalinism in 1942? Well, they were still on assignment and the switch hadn't been flipped in 1942. Selling Socialism was still seen as a viable part of Operation Chaos in those years by some parts of Intel. The switch wouldn't flip until after the war, when Russia became the great enemy to replace Hitler.

Compare the Webbs to Chomsky now. He and his old pals continue to do the only things they know how to do, which is to push Socialism, Atheism, and DNC plotlines, since the switch hasn't yet flipped hard on that. It soon will and they will be shut down, if they are still alive. The entire "left" side of American politics is about to be tanked on purpose, as in the 1980s but far moreso, at which time any

talk of Socialism will be non grata. After the flip, no one will admit to being a leftist. Most will deny they ever were, or were ever vaccinated or ever wore a mask. It is all part of the great rocking, to be sure you never find a shore to swim to. You have to be kept flailing in the middle of the lake, just out of sight of all land, with pike nibbling at your feet and great herons dive-bombing you and a cold steady rain.

But let's return to Shaw and finish this off. They admit he was promoted and supported as early as

1882 by William Archer, son of the Agent-General for Queensland Thomas Archer, CMG.

He was also a Walker, a Lindsay, and a Morrison. I mention him because during the war he worked for the War Propaganda Bureau. So he was an admitted spook. This indicates to me that Archer was Shaw's handler in the early years, and that Shaw came right out of Intelligence. Shaw may have been recruited as early as 1876, when he was 20. That was when he went to London for no real reason, soon ending up allegedly ghostwriting a musical column in The Hornet for his stepfather. Not really believable. When did he learn to write for the newspapers? He allegedly left school at age 15 and then became a cashier for land agents. I will assume he wasn't just a pretty face fronting a writing committee, but it is a question to ask.

At age 22 he was already writing plays and completed his first novel at age 23. As highschool dropouts do often do. The mainstream reports of jobs look made up, and it appears he lived with his mother and sponged off her until he was past 30. At age 24 he was inserted by Intel into his first project, since that is when he joined up with his cousin Webb in the Zetetical Society. Four years later that had morphed into the Fabian Society, but Shaw's bio is still thin and unconvincing. He could have been doing anything in those years, or nothing. His first "success" was the manifesto for the Fabians in 1884, and the spooks apparently inserted him into the executive committee for that. On Shaw's Wiki page it says he attended meetings of the British Economic Association starting in 1885. But if we take that link, we find it was established in 1890. So someone needs to get their ducks in a row over there. They need to hire some continuity editors. I can't do it all myself.

This brings us to Bloody Sunday 1887. . . which we can tell never happened. It has been sold as a violent confrontation between 2,000 police, 400 armed troops, and 30,000 protestors led by the SDF and Fabians. The protestors were armed with knives, iron bars, gas pipes, pokers, and—we suppose—umbrellas and mops. Despite that, not one person was killed. Two policemen and one protestor were allegedly stabbed. 400 were arrested. Only 50 of those were detained. Hmmm. I've seen more real

mayhem at a Beach Boys concert. We aren't told how many were convicted or what for, but we are told they were all out 3 months later. Really? Three months for stabbing and almost killing police officers? You should have known this was faked and provocateured as soon as you saw the Fabians involved. Annie Besant, superspook, was speaking during the mayhem and offered herself up to the police for arrest. They declined.

Which reminds us that Shaw is the one who first recruited Besant for the Fabians, way back in 1885. She was born Annie Wood, and her mother was a Morris. She is given no middle name, which is a huge red flag. They only scrub middle names in

such cases in the direst of circumstances, as when it is Cohen or Eichmann or something. Her great uncle was Sir Matthew Wood, 1st Baronet, and Lord Mayor of London 1815-17. His wife was a Page. His son was William Page Wood, the Baron Hatherley, and Wiki forgets to mention that on Besant's page. Maybe that's because he was Trinity College, Cambridge, and Solicitor-General 1851-2. He was Vice-Chancellor of Oxford 1853-68. He was Lord Chancellor 1868-72. That's Annie's uncle, so it is hard to explain leaving that off her bio. Her cousin Sir Francis was the 3rd Baronet, and he married Louisa Hodgson. We already saw them above, remember? They were the Hodgsons of Bow brewery, meaning Annie was another cousin of Shaw and Webb.

And you thought she might be spooky looking! Hah. Annie's other first cousin was Field Marshal Sir Henry Evelyn Wood, VC, GCB, GCMG. So it is pretty strange the common bios don't know that either. His wife, also Annie's cousin, was Mary Southwell, sister of the 4th Viscount Southwell. This also links us to the Mostyn baronets and the Frasers. Also to George Jerningham, 8th Baron Stafford. His daughter Anna married Lt. Gen. Sir Hew Fanshawe, so he was also available to set things up for Annie after about 1900. Another daughter Victoria married John Balfour. Ah, so Annie was also related to the Balfours. That's cosy.

Another cousin of Annie, Katharine Wood, married Charles Stewart Parnell, linking her to the Howards, Viscounts Wicklow. We also saw the Howards above, linked to the Webbs. Another cousin, Anna Caroline Wood, married Lt. Gen. Sir Scudamore Steele, KCB. Another cousin, Emma Wood, married the 2nd Baronet Barrett-Lennard, with their grandson Thomas Fiennes becoming exceedingly wealthy as a banker by the 1940s as head of Norwich Union, Scottish Union, Maritime Insurance, and East Anglian Bank, among other companies. He was OBE and St. John of Jerusalem.

So the contacts and high connections of Annie Besant were almost endless, and you now know why she was recruited. Through her you can also link all these people to Rudolf Steiner, who some of my readers are still trying to salvage after I outed him. Sorry, he will never get on his feet again. Besant and Steiner didn't salvage Theosophy, they just rebranded and put it into overdrive. Sort of like what Zuckerberg is doing with Facebook now, changing it to Meta (she is dead). If only Steiner had changed the name of Theosophy to Einai nekros.

In 1892, Shaw achieved his first of many bottomings-out, as he produced his "grand Philippic" To Your Tents, O Israel, shouting that Irish Home Rule was of no concern to Socialists. This from an Irishman, remember? They now have statues all over Ireland for this man, including a life-size bronze in the National Gallery of Ireland? Shaw was more interested in haranguing the Gladstone government for not disestablishing the Welsh church than in fighting for the independence of his home country and island. That tells us who he was and how much in common he really had with the lower or working classes. If he were alive now he would be calling for forced vaccination for the good of the people and ignoring the closing of the churches for lockdown--again like Noam Chomsky. As it has always been, it is a fake Socialism and a fake Labor party that takes no account of those it is trying to "save"--since it is not really trying to save them. It is only continuing to prey on them while hiding behind a facade of social justice or progressivism. But there is and never was any progression in it. Only suppression and repression dressed up

as progression.

If the Irish and Welsh were smart they would have boycotted Shaw from the start, and it isn't too late. They are still staging his dreadful work.

In 1898 he married his nurse, mostly as a convenience. They never consummated the marriage, again indicating Shaw was gay. Was he a lover of Sidney Webb or William Archer? Who knows? It is hard to believe anyone cares. But Shaw did work for gay rights, which is a huge clue. As I have already alluded, I believe he was and that you have to take that into account when reading anything by him. What could he know of the heterosexual relationship? And yet he holds himself up as some sort of authority on it? *Man and Superman* is about that and little else, as are *Pygmalion* and many others, so it to me they read like extended treatises on basketball by someone who has never played. It is all secondhand quips and advice. Not interested. I don't need advice on women from Shaw, and neither do you.

Remember that the next time you watch *My Fair Lady*, based on his play *Pygmalion*. It is now out of fashion for feminist reasons, but that was never its propaganda content. No, it pushes the same message as *Man and Superman*, doesn't it? Not the education of woman by man, but the taming of man by woman. It was part of the early demasculation project, and was stridently anti-Nietzschean. The last line of the musical is no accident: Higgins says to Eliza "now where the devil are my slippers?" Indicating he has been domesticated. The great man has been conquered easily by a gutter girl.

[Also remember that *Pygmalion* first appeared onstage in Vienna in German translation in late 1913, which you have to admit is odd. Which tends to support my detection of a German accent on Shaw. Also see Daniel Archer's Wiki page, where we find he was arranging for translation of Shaw's plays into German back to the 1890s. This may explain why Shaw was such a big fan of Hitler and Stalin, apologizing for them up to the end. Remember, the ruling lines of England were also German and Russian, with all those kings being close cousins. So this can most easily be read as Shaw promoting his cousins in the European theater department.]

The woman question of course interests me personally, since my life has played out as the result of this question. Future writers could use my life as the subject for such a play, and if I am not permanently buried by the Phoenixians, they may. As you may know from reading previous papers where I have divulged a bit of my bio, I have been untamable. No one ever wanted me to do anything I have done, from art to science to history. Everyone preferred I stay small, and they said so. Which is why I had to strike out on my own. That said, I disagree with Nietzsche almost as vehemently as I disagree with Shaw. You may think I was taking his side above, and I was, but only generally. Nietzsche believed the woman problem was eternal, part of Nature, and that the only thing for a strong artist to do was to live without them. He saw the battle of the sexes as endemic to the species, useful perhaps to the average breeders, where man had to be subjugated to woman as support for the family, but toxic to all art and higher pursuits. I don't see it that way. I believe the battle has mostly been manufactured by the Moderns, with Modernism of course going back far earlier than is usually admitted. It is usually placed in the 20th century, but its roots go back to the 18th century. As I have shown, this

rise of the woman—which I am in favor of, by the way—was not created for her benefit, but to cripple the man. The Phoenicians have had a rising fear of revolution for centuries, and this is one of the major ways they have dealt with it: crush the general male population in any way they could. This should have always been obvious, but after WWII it became completely transparent. By then they were attacking us not only through the media and our women, but with actual chemicals and drugs.

So as usual, this is not an eternal problem or disturbing fact of Nature. It is a manufactured problem. It was created on purpose, for your greater chaos. Women and men can and have helped each other as mates and sometimes still do, even among strong artists. Some women have been quite happy for their men to be as big as possible in all ways, save perhaps girth. But that is not the current education and hasn't been for a very long time. In short, Modern women generally act the way they do not because they have been cued by Nature, but because they have been cued by the media, the government, and the schools, as well as by older women. Without knowing it, they are doing the bidding of their Phoenician overseers as they turn their men into squishy babies. Women have long been used as pawns in the destruction of men and the defusing of revolution.

In Nature, there is no battle of the sexes. Male and female animals don't fight one another. It is the males that fight for dominance, and sometimes the females, but only among themselves. No female cat or dog would think of fighting an intact male, just for the point of domesticating him. Not only because it wouldn't work, but because the female would never think of it. Nature wouldn't allow it, because it doesn't benefit Nature. Weak males don't benefit Nature, except maybe among ants or spiders. We are not ants or spiders, so blaming Nature here is the usual Phoenician trick. We see a variation of this trick in physics, where quantum physicists have convinced most scientists that Nature is absurd. She is fundamentally irrational, chaotic, and pointless, and the only thing you can do is accept that. Except that it isn't true. As with the question of sex, Nature isn't to blame. She isn't irrational or chaotic, we are. And the chaos is created on purpose.

That's what started me on this quest you know: I felt that both art and the woman had been taken from me. We know that art was destroyed with malice aforethought, so I don't even have to prove that. And I think I have since proved that the Men-are-Pigs project is real. It is not something I made up to suit myself or turn myself into a victim. The Phoenicians have split the sexes for greater control and profit, and it isn't just artists or strong men who have lost their mates. It is all men. Even the Phoenicians have fallen to their own project, since the virus they prepared for us got into their own water supply. They can't stop their own women from watching TV or movies, can they? I guess they figured they could all be pederasts or chase little girls, but that hasn't really worked out for them, has it?

Yes, I was born into a world where I was not wanted, and I knew that early on. My spirit was not wanted, my intelligence was not wanted, my questions were not wanted, my art was not wanted, my science was not wanted, and my penetration into everything else was especially not wanted. It has only gotten worse as the decades have passed.

This world was never very welcoming to those things, but in prior centuries they snuck through. In the 20th century everything was redefined to make that sneaking a

thousand times harder. People like me had snuck through on the rare paths of art, science, poetry, or literature, but all those paths were repaved in a different direction. Gates were set up to prevent unwanted traffic, and the roads were jammed with new drivers. These drivers were a new set of people, and they had nothing in common with the previous drivers. The road of art was no longer driven by artists. The road of science was no longer driven by scientists. The road of poetry was no longer driven by poets. Instead these roads were now jammed with the children of the new elite, bored to death by the Modern world and wishing to foist that boredom on the rest of us. Being from the nth generation of spoilage, they had no desire or ability to compete with their predecessors, so they just threw all that in the garbage and started over. Art and science were defined as the projects of their boredom, and skill was replaced with promotion. This suited their merchant daddies just fine, since those daddies had no souls for art. Losing the whole history of art meant less than nothing to them. What they needed was not more artifacts clogging up the public buildings, but more chits for their money laundering, and the "art" of their children was perfect for that. These nullities were so awful all normal people just looked away to save their eyes, and this was precisely what was wanted: your looking away. They didn't want you to see what they were doing, so they were quite satisfied to have you looking away. While you were attending to more important things than Modern art, the entire field was turned into a conjob. The prices of empty canvases or canvases of one color were driven up into the hundreds of millions, so that one artwork could launder by itself the price of a fighter jet or a new hotel. A similar thing happened in science, and one fake project like BICEP or LIGO could front the diversion of a billion dollars. They would tell you your taxdollars were going to digging tunnels all over the world and making them into expensive vacuums through which to shoot lasers, while in reality the money was going to . . . what? I don't know. The salaries of Intel agents? 400-ft yachts? Private islands? Gilded bunkers? Who the hell knows? It isn't so important that they have that money. What is important is that YOU DON'T. That's what finally I figured out: they don't tax you so that they can have your money. They already have more money than they can spend in fifty generations. They tax you so that you have nothing.

It is very important to them, you see, that you have nothing, because they think that means you can't compete with them. They mistakenly believe everything of value costs huge amounts of money to create, so they expected to smother people like me with their new schemes. I am honestly a mystery to them, and they have said so. In their world, nothing gets done without exorbitant funding, and doesn't even get done then. So how can I sit here with no funding, no institutional or mainstream support, no publisher, no wife, no bank account, no assistants, and yet continue to beat them at everything? How can I continue to churn out creation after creation in several fields, while they stand there stupidly in their Guardian interviews and their Nobel Prize speeches and their TEX talks boring the pants off their rich cousins in the audience, cousins who are nonetheless so unimpressed they can't even be bothered to clap when the sign goes up? This wasn't supposed to happen.

I am the ultimate proof of what I have been telling them: they cannot win against Nature. They are the children of this vast scheme, spread out over centuries, the product of countless trillions of dollars of investment, study, committees,

thinktanks, and promotion. While I am a single child of Nature, with no support but hers. And she still beats them with just the push of a finger. No matter what they do with me, she will continue to beat them wherever and whenever she feels like it. And I have it from her: she does feel like it more and more.